

# C R E A T I O N

N<sup>o</sup> 72

A Series of Mr. SEATON's Will  
Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

**P O E M.**

*I* Giver of Mankind! If this is the Unintended gift of thy hand; if this  
be indeed the time for giving, in an instant  
I'll-Contented, till the present of thy grace. I'll give  
or any time of life, to the best of my power, to the  
best, and noblest service, that I can do for thee. This is my  
present of gratitude, and I hope it will be acceptable.  
*Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus*  
*Mens agitat molem, et magno cum corpore miscet.*

VIRGIL, Æneid, Lib. VI. l. 729.

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**W**E, this day witnesseth, that Mr. SEATON's Remainder  
for this Year 1748, is given to THE  
Rev. SAMUEL HAYES, M.A.  
Poem on C.R. 1748  
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, AND USHER OF  
WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

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1748. Oct. 8. 1738.

C A M B R I D G E,

Printed by J. ARCHDEACON Printer to the UNIVERSITY;

For J. & J. MERRILL, in Cambridge; J. DODSLEY, in Pall Mall, W. GINGER, in College Street,  
Westminster, J. WALTER, at Charing-cross, G. WILKIE, in St. Paul's Church-yard,  
and F. KNIGHT, in St. James's Street, London.

M D C C L X X X I V .

# MOITAYER

A Clause of Mr. SEATON's Will,  
Dated Oct. 8, 1738.

I Give my Kislingbury Estate to the University of Cambridge for ever: the Rents of which shall be disposed of yearly by the Vice-Chancellor for the time being, as he the Vice-Chancellor, the Master of Clare-Hall, and the Greek Professor for the time being, or any two of them shall agree. Which three persons aforesaid shall give out a Subject, which Subject shall for the first Year be one or other of the Perfections or Attributes of the Supreme Being, and so the succeeding Years, till the Subject is exhausted; and afterwards the Subject shall be either Death, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Purity of Heart, &c. or whatever else may be judged by the Vice-Chancellor, Master of Clare-Hall, and Greek Professor, to be most conducive to the honour of the Supreme Being and recommendation of Virtue. And they shall yearly dispose of the Rent of the above Estate to that Master of Arts, whose Poem on the Subject given shall be best approved by them. Which Poem I ordain to be always in English, and to be printed; the expence of which shall be deducted out of the product of the Estate, and the residue given as a reward for the Composer of the Poem, or Ode, or Copy of Verses.

WE, the underwritten, do assign Mr. SEATON's Reward for the Year 1784, to SAMUEL HAYES, M. A. for his Poem on CREATION; and direct the said Poem to be printed according to the Tenor of the Will.

Oct. 14,  
1784.



J. Torkington, Vice-Chancellor.  
W. Cooke, Greek Professor.

## C R E A T I O N:

### P O E M.

HAIL, everlasting Pow'r! Thou, at whose word,  
From the drear womb of indigested night,  
Creation rose, all hail! To Thee the Muse,  
Though weak her Lyre, and faint the trembling Chords,  
This humble Off'ring brings, conscious that Thou,  
Unerring Searcher of the inmost Soul,  
To the loud orisons of foward pride,  
The still small voice of gratitude preferr'st.  
What though the Sons of pleasure, listless Slaves  
To Fashion's arbitrary law, all strains  
A Deride,

## C R E A T I O N:

Deride, save those which sooth voluptuous lust,  
Or fix fell Satire's barb in the chaste breast  
Of bleeding Innocence; the sacred Muse,  
On nobler subject bent, such Themes disclaims.  
If as she pours the Verse, and vindicates  
The ways of Providence, a ray of light  
Dart on th' unconscious breast, if only one,  
Whom error hath seduc'd, or the dark arts  
Of subtle infidelity ensnar'd;  
If one alone, aw'd by the moral truth,  
Feel strong conviction from the clouded sense  
Dispel the gloom, the Muse's wish is crown'd.  
Far dearer to the mind the rich reward,  
Those pure sensations, which from conscience spring,  
Than all the plaudits of a giddy World,  
And all the Gifts, which lavish opulence  
Can on it's supple Parasites bestow.

O say, amidst the varied Themes, from which,  
Roaming on fancy's wing, the fertile Bard  
Culls the fair flow'rs of Poetry, say which  
Can vie with that, whose nobler argument,

A

Spurning

Spurning the narrow boundaries of Earth,  
To Heav'n exalts the comprehensive Soul?  
Such, Milton, were thy hallow'd strains, sublime,  
Immortal Bard; Thou, in a looser age,  
When dissolute indecency, maintained  
By regal patronage, usurp'd the place  
Of wit, Thou dar'dst to break the shackling bonds  
Of flippant Rhyme. The Muse, at thy command,  
Resum'd her wrested throne; became again  
What she had erst appear'd in Greece and Rome,  
When Genius sprung from freedom's fost'ring arms,  
In Virtue, in Religion's purer paths,  
The delegated Minister of Man.  
Such the strains, SEATON, which thy watchful zeal,  
Shielding Religion to remotest times,  
In honour of Jehovah's injur'd name  
Bade flow from year to year.—Wake then, my Soul!  
In adoration wake! Let ev'ry sense  
Feel the strong impulse; let them all call forth  
Their blended pow'rs, and chaunt the praise of Him,  
To whom in Heav'n above, on Earth beneath,  
To whom, e'en in the undiscover'd depths  
Of the wide sea, subjected Nature bows.

Whither can the eye stretch, and not behold  
The wonders of eternal Wisdom? Where  
The mind, beyond the sense's grosser sphere  
Dilated, dart it's penetrating thoughts,  
And not discern a God's pervading pow'r!

To Heav'n exalt thine eye! Lo! where the Sun  
Emerging from the East, now faintly pours  
Through the streak'd Atmosphere his glimm'ring rays:  
Anon, like the flush'd Giant, whose firm limbs,  
By wine refresh'd, feel renovated strength,  
To the meridian point sublime he winds  
His rapid march; and there, full-orb'd, array'd  
In majesty unclouded, darts on Earth  
Effulgent beams. Hence down the slope of Heav'n  
Precipitate he hastens, till at length,  
Glancing mild lustre on the Western wave,  
He sinks in night's embrace. Nor even then,  
Clearless is this terrestrial Globe. Though lost  
The bright effulgence of the golden Sun,  
Darkness profound shrouds not the face of things.  
The silver Moon, erratic in her course,  
Yet ever constant Satellite of Earth,

Supplies a Brother's place. With borrow'd light  
From her pale orb she flings a softer gleam,  
And cheers the brow of night. Thro' th' arch of Heav'n  
Dispers'd, five other Planets round the Sun,  
That vivid centre to which all converge,  
Revolve harmonious. And from ev'ry part  
Of yon ethereal vault, a countless host  
Of Stars, which twinkle through the gloomy void,  
Dispense their trembling light; o'er herb and tree,  
And o'er the surface of the gleamy main,  
Diffusing influence mild. Stars which perhaps  
In other systems form resplendent Suns,  
Round whom, by gravitation's pow'r restrain'd,  
Attendant Planets roll. Perhaps there are\*  
(For who can circumscribe Omnipotence?)  
Stars from whose distant orbs, to mortal eye,  
Though aided by the astronomic glass,  
No ray hath travell'd yet.— But who ordain'd  
These radiant Bodies? Who from Chaos call'd  
The Regent of the day? From the Eastern goal,  
Through Heav'n's wide circuit, in diurnal round

\* See this idea suggested by Huygens.

Who

Who bade him take his never-erring course? —  
Who form'd the Planets? Onward once impell'd,  
What potent arm arrests them? Whence the laws,  
By which they to the centre gravitate,  
Still devious, yet irregularly true?  
Who from th' abyss of darkness call'd the Stars,  
Myriads of burning lamps, which, while dun night  
Invests the dreary globe, with tremulous gems  
Spangle the sable canopy of Heav'n?  
Trace we not here the wonder-working pow'r  
Of an almighty arm? Trace we not here  
Consummate Wisdom's marks? Can chance create,  
Or having form'd, can indigested chance,  
Unerring in their proper orbits, keep  
These won'drous bodies? Globes, with which compar'd  
This earthly Ball is as a grain of sand  
Upon the sea-worn beach. Or shall we say,  
(So some, borne on presumption's airy wing,  
Resolve the Question) matter is uncreate,  
Eternal, from itself alone exists;  
And thus existing, the mixt atoms form'd  
This universal frame. — Prepost'rous thought!

on W

Sceptic,

Sceptic, say matter were, e'en as thou think'st,  
Existent of itself, could it produce  
Consummate symmetry? Could the mixt seeds  
Of jarring atoms, by the wayward cast  
Of chance, their sev'ral pow'rs in union blend,  
And hence, in nice arrangement marshall'd, form  
Stupendous Systems? Systems in the whole,  
As far as human thought can stretch, compleat?  
Behold yon Fabric! It's component parts  
Scan with an Artist's scrutinizing eye!  
Then say, from whence the beauteous structure rose,  
Whence this harmonious order! Conscious here,  
That industry, by previous art dispos'd,  
Rang'd the materials, and the Fabric form'd,  
You praise the Architect's directing skill. —  
Vain, shallow Fool! E'en in the smallest works  
Of human art, thou see'st design, and own'st  
The happy efforts of an active hand:  
Yet in the greater works of Nature, works  
Which should, with awe and veneration, strike  
The conscious breast, and from the soul extort  
Profoundest homage, here no plan is found;

No traces here thou see'st, which indicate  
The guidance of presiding sense. By chance,  
Compleat as the stupendous structure is,  
The whole was order'd and arrang'd. By chance,  
Harmonious as it's operations are,  
It's complex operations, still in its course  
By listless chance the vast machine is kept.

But hence these arrogant conceits, which wrest  
The Sceptre from Jehovah's sacred grasp,  
And to an unsubstantial Phantom give  
The attributes of Heav'n! Hence vain conceits,  
Back to the Prince of darkness; him ye suit,  
And him alone, who by ambition fir'd,  
And swoln by contumacious pride, disdain'd  
Subjection; from his adamantine throne,  
Leagu'd with apostate Angels, strove to hurl  
Creation's ever-living King! Shall Man,  
By foward curiosity impell'd,  
Arraign the mystic schemes of Heav'n? Shall He,  
Whose scanty knowledge cannot tell, from whence  
The germinating blade extrudes it's shoot,

On

On vague conjecture raise the giant pile  
Of Infidelity? Hence vain conceits!  
Ill suit that Being such aspiring thoughts,  
Who lives but on the mercies of his God.  
Conscious that all the good he now receives,  
Flows from th' Almighty's gracious hand, that all  
His eager wishes pant for, must descend  
From the same all-providing source, be his  
Submissive adoration! If the Heav'ns  
Proclaim the greatness of their Lord, if Sun  
And Moon, and Hosts of glitt'ring Stars, which deck  
The infinite expanse, attest the pow'r,  
The pow'r immense, which fram'd, and rules their orbs,  
Not less unquestionable are the marks  
Of his unbounded goodness here on Earth.  
Whate'er dependant Mortals need, whate'er,  
Of comfort, use, or ornament, in Life  
Their wants require, He like a Father gives,  
Nor gives with niggard hand. What to the eye,  
Or taste, can minister delight, his care  
For Man provides. From her prolific womb  
The teeming Earth abundance pours: He speaks,

B

And

And lo! obedient to th' inspiring voice,  
Luxuriant verdure crowns the smiling plain.  
Here, sweet arrangement, variegated flow'rs  
Their dewy beauties to the orient Sun  
Unfold, and with their aromatic breaths  
Perfume the passing winds. Some too there are,  
Which, fair and seemly in external form,  
Charm the admiring eye; tasted they chill  
The vital current, and with rapid sweep  
Arrest the functions of the tainted heart.  
Nor yet with froward charge deeme Nature vain  
From noxious herbs, and many a pois'nous flow'r,  
The Bee extracts the liquid dew, and thence,  
Within the chambets of her waxen cell  
Stows the rich harvest of compounded sweets.  
Thus from th' infectious shoot experience culls  
Benignant aid. Hence, when convulsive pangs  
Writhe the distorted limbs, and, Hoft impok'd,  
Sleep flies the Suff'rer's couch; the rending pain  
Is lull'd; o'er the tir'd senses gently steals  
Refreshing slumber. Hence the sluggish blood,  
When morbid humors taint the bloated frame.

Corrected rolls a purer tide. And thus,  
 \* The noxious root, produce of Western Isles,  
 Though mortal poison, the contagious juice  
 Extracted, ministers sustaining food.  
 At Heav'n's creative word, the lowly Shrub,  
 And tow'ring Tree arise, In lordly state  
 The Cedar rears his elevated Head,  
 And hides the honors of his trembling brow  
 E'en in the azure clouds. The regal Oak,  
 Deep in the Earth infix'd his tortuous root,  
 With outstretch'd arms to fainting Herds and Flocks  
 Dispenses grateful umbrage: While around  
 His limbs, in many a wild fantastic wreath,  
 The social Ivy creeps, in awfull pomp  
 He stands, and claims the Forest for his own.  
 The mantling vine, delicious source of joy  
 To Man's dejected spirit, bends beneath  
 The rich coerulean weight; with raptur'd eye  
 Th' exulting Swain beholds the cluster'd branch,  
 The happy presage of Autumnal wealth.  
 And left the Sun, though vivid source of light,

\* The Cassada.

of

B 2

Should,

Should, like a scroll, with unremitting heat  
Shrivel the face of Nature, and lay waste  
Creation's fairest beauties, from the clouds  
The frost'ring show'r descends, and in the lap  
Of vegetation genial influence pours.  
Hence the scorch'd stem, which, languishing and faint,  
Beneath it's load exhausted sunk, now feels  
Reanimated life. Again erect  
Th' invigorated flow'r it's leaf expands,  
And glistens beauteous in the solar beam.

Nor less within the bowels of the Earth,  
Those cavities, where no enliv'ning ray  
Darts from the orb of light, not less, e'en there,  
In characters indelible is stamp'd  
The goodness of a bounteous God. Hence Man,  
E'en from these regions of eternal night,  
Draws choicest blessings. When with icy step  
Bleak Winter marches forth, and chilling blasts  
Benumb the torpid limb, from these dark seats  
Supplied, Man braves the fury of the North,  
Nor heeds the ruthless Tyrant's icy fang.

Oft

Oft too, within the gloomy mine conceal'd,  
Exhaustless treasures lie. Here, deep intrench'd,  
Lurks the rough Diamond; here the various gems,  
Which, polish'd by the Artist's moulding hand,  
Sooth the poor littleness of human pride,  
And blaze resplendent on imperial crowns.

But not alone to Heav'n and earth confin'd  
The dread Creator's pow'r: Him sov'reign Lord  
The Ocean hails. Through all his azure realms  
He tributary homage pays. Nor less  
In the great deep, than here on Earth appears  
The stamp of goodness. That which hath disjoin'd  
The various regions of the earth, which seems  
To interdict all social intercourse,  
Proves the sure means, whence in one common link,  
The nations of the World are bound. Her sails  
Commerce unfurls; by gentle winds impell'd,  
O'er the broad bosom of the swelling Main  
The rich fraught Vessel wafts her varied stores.  
Thus from the Ganges, where the God of Day,  
Ascending o'er the Eastern wave, begins

His.

His wonted course; Thus from th' Atlantic shore,  
Where to his nether goal with swift descent  
He whirls his radiant car, Europa's Sons  
Luxurious treasures of abundance draw,  
And thus amidst the ruthless hords, those Tribes  
Where savage fierceness reigns, and ignorance  
In ten-fold darkness binds th' imprison'd soul,  
Religion pours her voice: With precept mild  
Softens the rude ferocity of arms,  
Dispels the gloom, and to the tutor'd sense  
Opens the portals of immortal Life.  
Nor terminates celestial goodness here:  
The bozy channels of the Sea resign  
Their scaly Tenants, Through the vast Domain,  
Whate'er with light fin cuts his liquid way,  
And those, who, in testaceous prison bound,  
Seem scarce, yet are, most tremblingly, alive;  
At Heav'n's command, all minister to Man.  
The proud Leviathan himself, who, stretch'd  
Upon the Ocean's back, an Island seems;  
Or in rude gambols his unwieldy bulk  
Writhing, deems all the wat'ry realm his own.

E'en he, Gigantic as he is, subdued  
By Man's superior art, a Victim falls;  
But not unprofitably falls. Though dead,  
He garnish not the festive board, or add  
Luxurious honor to the rich repast,  
Yet still, so provident is Nature's God,  
For him the Sailor braves the stormy flood:  
E'en to the frozen North, where, six long Moons,  
In hospitable darkness shrouds the Pole,  
Where snow eternal caps the Mountain's top,  
And threat'ning ice, in many a ridgy steep,  
Peers o'er the waves indissoluble, there,  
Reckless of danger, the bold Sailor shapes  
His perilous course; in his own element  
Advent'rous seeks the Giant, nor avoids  
Th' unequal conflict: in the trembling boat  
Fearless he stands, and launches from his arm  
The pointed weapon, conscious what a prize  
Awaits the issue of successful toil.

These, everliving Father, these, nay all  
Which in the chambers of the Deep reside,

And!

And they, who, on expanded pinions borne,  
Traverse the buoyant air; They too who range  
The Forest, Lords of the sequester'd wild,  
With those, who, by domestic impulse sway'd,  
Tenant the verdant Mead, at thy decree  
To Man's arbitrement all bend. Nor here  
Need we the subtle sophistry of Schools,  
Or arguments in the perplexing loom  
Of Philosophic disquisition fram'd:  
" Each step we take will lead us to our God."  
O what a debt immense to him is due,  
Who deigns to stoop from his supernal throne,  
And gives to Man, what Man's contracted pow'r  
Can't give himself! O what a debt immense  
Is due to him, whose ever-watchful care,  
From day to day, from hour to hour, imparts  
The first of blessings, with a Parent's love  
Shielding his helpless offspring! The whole life,  
In adoration should each moment pass,  
Would faintly pay the debt which Mortals owe.  
What time still Night her ebon car ascends,  
And the fell Thief, by darkness shrouded, plans

Infidous

Infidious rapine, at his Master's door  
The faithful Servant stretch'd, keeps sleepless watch: A  
If ought approach, instant with clam'rous throat  
He gives th' alarm; and should the plund'rer come,  
With eager tooth seizes the Caitiff Wretch,  
Nor quits his prey, though down his mangled limbs  
The vital current stream, but bravely seals  
With life itself inviolable faith.  
Whence this attachment, this intrepid zeal,  
Which holds it's settled purpose, undismay'd  
E'en in the agonizing pangs of death?  
From gratitude the gen'rous instinct springs;  
Fed at his Master's board, and by his hand  
Daily with gentle blandishments caress'd,  
The duteous animal repays the debt  
With pure fidelity. Nor threat, nor force,  
Nor dangers' direst form his courage shake.  
Nay, the fierce Tyrant of the secret woods,  
Who roams the bleak and desart wild, and lives  
By ruthless slaughter, if by Man preserv'd,  
To his Protector firm allegiance pays.  
By gratitude's instinctive impulse taught,

He drops his fierceness, smooths his brinded mane,  
And, couching harmless at his Guardian's feet,  
With aspect bland, and many a soften'd smile,  
Marks the strong feelings of a mindful heart.

Behold'st thou this ungrateful Man? From them  
Whom instinct actuates alone, dost thou  
This tributary pledge of love receive,  
And yet deny it to your God? Thou dost  
Though Pensioner on his disposing will,  
Though from his voluntary bounty all  
Which forms your happiness you hold, as if  
'Twere center'd in yourself, the tenure fix'd  
Beyond the pow'r of time or chance, you spurn  
The Giver; what for comfort and for use  
Was meant by Heav'n, you to the sordid claims  
Of pride and wanton luxury consign.  
Mark! Where the grov'ling Wretch, at the full feast  
Exulting sits, on the festive board  
Abundance smiles. Here, from the perfum'd shores  
Of either India brought, rich viands tooth  
The pamper'd taste. When languid Nature feels,

Ho

C

Satiety,

Satiety, these can the Glutton's lust  
Renew, and to the sick'ning appetite  
A keener sense impart. Here Gallia's grape  
In the chas'd goblet sparkles, to the heart  
Dispensing levity and mirth. But say,  
Whence this abundance, whence these treasures flow,  
O'er which th' enamour'd eye in rapture hangs?  
From thee, perennial, only source of good,  
Almighty Father! Thy benignant hand  
Gave them, exhausted Nature's firm support:  
Gave them as blessings, which in life's drear vale  
Might comfort Istrew, and elevate the soul,  
In strains of gratitude, to him who gave.  
Yet Man, Lord of Creation's ample range,  
Fashion'd by Heav'n's discriminating love  
For purposes most noble; though in form,  
And apprehension, like a God; still Man,  
Unconscious of his elevated rank,  
Stoops, meanly stoops, from his exalted height,  
And with the lowest tribes of Nature herds.  
From her luxuriant stores doth mercy send  
Abundance? The voluptuous Glutton view!

He, not content with that which Nature asks,  
Nor satisfied, though from each foreign clime  
Cull'd with delicious skill, he hath enjoy'd  
The choicest viands, still the more he craves;  
Nor rests, 'till stimulating drugs revive  
The slumbering fever; 'till again they whet  
The sicken'd taste, and fire the torpid sense.  
Though no sensation of sharp thirst he feel,  
Yet, still infatiate, for the sparkling cup  
He calls, nor rests, until the potent charm  
In drowsy bonds have fetter'd ev'ry sense.  
Mean time, nor God nor Man employ his thoughts:  
Intent alone, where wanton riot calls,  
And giddy mirth whirls the distemper'd brain  
From it's due poise, in the intemp'rate bowl  
All other cares he whelms. Nor God nor Man  
Employ his thoughts: Festivity's the God,  
At whose alluring shrine the Suppliant bends.  
And while, 'midst pleasure's fascinating charms,  
He drains nectareous draughts, though at his Gate  
The Child of poverty and famine kneel,  
Though with uplifted hands, he faintly crave

The

The scanty gleanings of the splendid board,  
E'en the poor pittance is denied. In vain  
He supplicates. His earnest cries are spurn'd  
By the proud Vassals of their sensual Lord;  
And he himself, unfriended and forlorn,  
With many a stripe, and many a bitter taunt,  
As if harsh Nature had disclaim'd him, chas'd  
From the licentious mansion.—Abject Wretch!  
Is this the tribute thou to God return'st?  
To him who on thy favor'd head hath show'r'd  
His choicest Gifts? And but for whom, thyself  
Had been e'en like the outcast, whom thy pride  
Spurns from thy threshold? Yet howe'er thou seem'st  
'Bove him exalted, though, while famine writhes  
His rueful face, and the bleak chilling rain  
Drenches his naked limbs, thy happier soul  
Revel in plenitude of earthly bliss,  
Remember still, one is the common Lord,  
Parent of all: His righteous eye on all  
Looks down impartial; no distinction knows,  
Save that which unaffected virtue makes.

Thou

Thou God of goodness hear thy Suppliant's pray'r!  
Deep in the living tablet of the heart  
Imprint the grateful sense! To thy behests  
Creation bows; through all her fertile range  
Subjected bows. When from his Mother Earth  
Thou called' st Man to Life, the last, but best  
Of all thy works, not in a desert waste  
Did' st thou then place him, nor defenceless leave  
The Offspring of thy plastic hand. E'en then  
The Sun and Moon, and all the Starry Host  
Bedeck'd th' ethereal concave. Then for him  
The Earth had teem'd; from her prolific womb  
Had pour'd, whatever to the taste or eye  
Could minister delight, Herb, Flow'r and Fruit,  
And Flocks and Herds in countless tribes. E'en then  
For him, with food replete, and circumscrib'd  
By thy restraining arm, the turbid waves  
Of Ocean roll'd, exhaustless source of wealth.  
And lest the congregated waters, bound  
In torpid lethargy, should o'er the world  
Infectious putrefaction shed, in ebb  
And flow perpetual, by the lunar orb

vol T

Control'd,

Control'd, Thou didst appoint their restless course.  
Thus through the liquid realms, that vital breath,  
Which to the Ocean's scaly Sons Thou gav'ſt,  
Was foster'd and invigorated. Thus,  
By the perturbed motions of the Deep,  
Enliv'ning breezes purg'd the groſſer air,  
To the faint Globe imparting vivid health.  
Nor leſs, eternal Father, than at first,  
Doth Nature now attest thy boundless ſway;  
Thy boundless mercy. As by Thee all things  
Were form'd, by Thee the System is maintain'd;  
By Thee, that harmony which first attun'd  
Creation's floating Spheres, is ſtill preserv'd.

If while the mind, in meditation rapt,  
Travels through Nature's complicated range,  
Some mysteries appear, which the scant line  
Of Man can't fathom; if there be a point,  
Where e'en a Newton feels the glowing Thought:  
Check'd in it's deep research, ſhall Mortals dare,  
That which they cannot comprehend, arraign?  
Dare in those realms, where the arrested eye

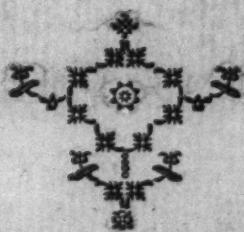
Of

Of reason cannot stretch, raise wanton doubts  
Of Heav'n's supremacy? Or when they view  
What human petulance disorder deems,  
Question eternal Wisdom? Though obscure,  
Though intricate the ways of Heav'n may seem,  
(To him, who cannot scan the destin'd end,  
Such ev'ry dispensation must appear)  
A day will come, when the pure rays of light  
Shall dissipate the gloom; a day will come,  
When the contexture of this wond'rous chain,  
On which the universal fabric hangs  
Suspended, shall in ev'ry part be found  
Consummate harmony, and captious doubt,  
Aw'd by the radiance of triumphant truth,  
Shall into nothing sink. Then in the sight  
Of Men and Angels, manifest, and clear  
As the meridian Sun's unclouded beam,  
Jehovah's attributes shall be display'd.

Let the bold scrutinizing mind, upborne  
By Metaphysic's buoyant plumes, beyond  
This earthly Ball take it's aerial flight!

Conjecture

Conjecture on conjecture let it build!  
'Till like the Giants, who of old (so sing  
Poëtic strains) mountain on mountain pil'd,  
The tow'ring thought scale Heav'n!—From such a flight,  
(Ill suiting Man's contracted sense, I turn)  
In the stupendous orbs above, which Thou,  
The great Creator, hast ordain'd, I see  
Unquestionable marks of pow'r supreme.  
In the rich treasures, which thy bounteous hand  
Hath op'd for Man's dependant race, I see  
Mercy's bright seal — I see, and I adore.



Goliath's ou college late let it stand!

Till like the Giaus, who of old (to sing

Poetic furies) mounted on mountain blyd,

The tow'ring tower thought to scale Heaven! — From which a giddy

(III living Man's countenance I turn)

In the subequent ope spouse, which Thor,

The Great Creator, half ordaining, I see

Undeifiouable works of power infinite.

In the rich treasures, which thy numerous hand

Hast o'er for Man's dependent race, I see

Mercy's pights less! — I see I adore,

